There is no end, no limit, meaſure, bound,
In that words death, no words can that woe ſound.
Where is my father and my mother *Nurſe*?
Nur. Weeping and wailing over *Tibalts* coarſe:
Will you goe to them? I will bring you thither.
Jul. Waſh they his wounds with teares, mine ſhall be ſpent,
When theirs are dry, for *Romeo's* baniſhment.
Take up thoſe cords; poore ropes you are beguil'd,
Both you and I, for *Romeo* is exil'd:
He made you for a high-way to my bed,
But I a maide dye maiden widowed.
Come cord, come Nurſe, Ile to my wedding bed,
And death, not *Romeo*, take my maidenhead.
Nurſe. Hye to your chamber, Ile finde *Romeo*,
To comfort you: I wot well where he is,
Harke you, your *Romeo* will be here at night:
Ile to him, he is hid at *Laurence* Cell.
Jul. O find him, give this ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come to take his laſt farewell.

Exit.

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. *Romeo* come forth, come forth thou fearfull man,
Affliction is enamor'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.
Ro. Father what newes? what is the Princes doome?
What ſorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That yet I know not?
Fri. Too familiar
Is my deare ſonne with ſuch ſowre company:
I bring thee tidings of the Princes doome.
Ro. What leſſe than doomſday is the Princes doome?
Fri. A gentler judgement vaniſht from his lips:
Not bodies death, but bodies baniſhment.
Rom. Ha! baniſhment? be merciſull, ſay death,
For exile hath more terrour in his looke,
Much more than death: doe not ſay baniſhment.
Fri. Here from *Verona* art thou baniſhed:

Be